



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



17473.7.16

HARVARD COLLEGE  
LIBRARY

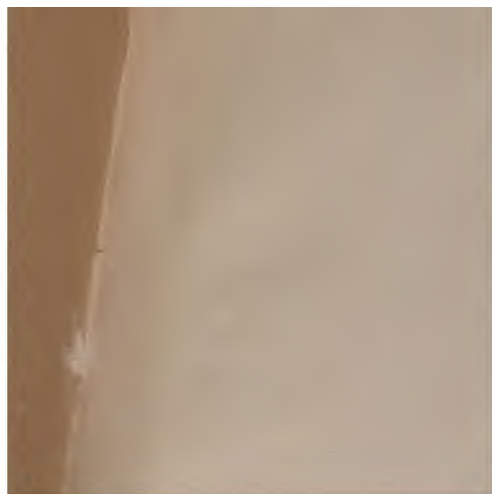


THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
CLASS OF 1882  
OF NEW YORK

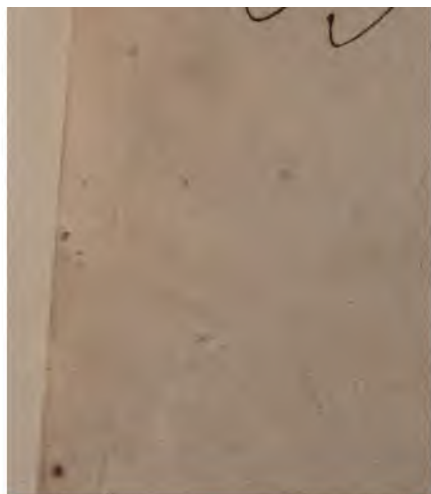
1918















DOLBY'S BRITISH THEATRE  
—  
THE RIVAL VALETS.



*T. Jones, Del.*

*White*

*Frank. Put him out of his misery, sir.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

°  
**THE RIVAL VALETS;**

**A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.**

**BY JOSEPH EBSWORTH.**

---

**PRINTED FROM THE AUTHOR'S MS.**

**WITH**

**A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME, CAST OF THE  
CHARACTERS, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RE-  
LATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE  
STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,**

**AS PERFORMED AT THE**

**THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**

---

**EMBELLISHED WITH A WOOD ENGRAVING, FROM AN ORIGINAL  
DRAWING, BY T. JONES, AND EXECUTED BY MR. WHITE.**

---

---

**LONDON:**

**THOMAS DOLBY, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND.**

---

**1825.**

17473.7.16

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM  
THE REQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL

LONDON :

PRINTED BY THOMAS DOLBY, CATHERINE-STREET

## **Costume.**

---

The dresses are such as are usual for the respective characters at the present period.

---

### *Cast of Characters, at the Theatre-Royal, Haymarket, 1825.*

---

|                              |                |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| <i>Mr. Perkins</i> .....     | Mr. Williams.  |
| <i>Captain Welford</i> ..... | Mr. Vining.    |
| <i>Frank</i> .....           | Mr. Liston.    |
| <i>Antony</i> .....          | Mr. Wilkinson. |
| <i>Lawyer</i> .....          | Mr. Duff.      |
| <i>Servant</i> .....         | Mr. C. Jones.  |
| <i>Sophia Fielding</i> ..... | Mrs. Waylett.  |
| <i>Dorothy Styles</i> .....  | Mrs. Jones.    |

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

The instant a *Character* appears upon the Stage, the point of *Entrance*, as well as every subsequent change of *Position*, till its *Exit*, is noted, with a fidelity which may in all cases be relied on; the object being, to establish this Work as a *Standard Guide to the Stage business*, as now conducted on the London boards.

### EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*. The following view of the Stage, with Five Performers in front, will, it is presumed, fully demonstrate the *Relative Positions*.

•• The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.



---

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.—An Hotel R. S. E.  
L. S. E.—a garden-wall extends from it*

*Enter FRANK, R. U. E.*

*Frank.* Pheugh!—I am fairly worn out with fatigue, and hunger!—I have been at every place in London to seek a situation; but none will listen to me, because I can't produce a half-crown. It is so strange that a meritorious fellow like me should be suffered to die by inches of starvation, while many dull clods are living upon the bread-land?—I feel myself shrinking up to a bauble every day. Well, it can't last long, that's certain.

*CAPTAIN WELFORD enters from Hotel*

*Capt.* Egad! she's not gone out yet. I see the door is still open, which was to be the signal.

*Frank.* Who's this?

*Capt.* You won't lose a situation for want at any rate.

*Frank.* I can't afford it, sir. Have you pose of?

*Capt.* I have; and as you seem a sharp fellow, care if I try you. Would you like to earn five

*Frank.* Ah sir! five guineas never paid a pocket where there was more room for the m, they could be received with a greater welcome. sir, what must I do to obtain them?

*Capt.* In the first place, you must endeavour me an interview with the charming Sophia. She is ward to old Perkins here, who watches the eyes of an Argus, and even pretends to himself. I expect my servant Antony—

*Frank.* [*Interrupting.*] What, the stupid fellow was mentioning just now?

*Capt.* The same, with an elegant set of China. I purchased this morning, and intend as a present friend. Immediately on his return, I will despatch with two letters, which I have in my pocket, that be out of the way; for if he remain near us, lucky stars will assuredly counteract every plan I devise.

*ANTONY enters, R. with a basket of China.*  
*going into the Hotel, he stumbles over the table and the basket falls with a crash.*

*Ant.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Upon my soul and was no fault of mine—a bit of orange-peel—

*Capt.* You scoundrel! is this the way I am come to be annoyed by you?

*Ant.* I don't want to annoy you.

*Frank.* Silence, sir!—How dare you reply when your master speaks?

*Ant.* Who are you?—

*Frank.* Who am I!—You'll know too soon enough. I'm Frank—

*Ant.* And free, too!

*Frank.* Do you see what a smash you have made of my

*Ant.* Well, I couldn't help it.

*Frank.* Couldn't help it! Do you think your master has nothing else to do with his money and crockery-ware for you to break?

*Ant.* Well, what's that to you?—Trouble your head with your own business.

*Frank.* Don't be impertinent, sir. *My business is to see that the Captain is not imposed upon. You've lived too long with him. You've had a nice greasy place of it, I'll be bound, to fill out that waistcoat of yours. No doubt, you've feathered your nest well. But it won't fit any longer; your master has hired me in your place, sirrah.*

*Capt.* No, I didn't say that, exactly. You are an entire stranger to me; and though you appear to be such a person as I am in want of, as yet, I have received no reference as to character.

*Frank.* As to that, sir, I have a written one, in my pocket, from my last place:—a nobleman's family, I assure you.

*Capt.* Let me see it, then.

*Frank.* Oh certainly, sir. [*Feeling first in one pocket, then another.*] Dear me! where can I have put it? Very strange! But never mind, sir; it's all right, upon my honour. Any other time will do, I suppose.

*Capt.* [*Aside.*] I begin to suspect this fellow! [*Aloud.*] No, sir, any other time will not do; and since you can't produce it, our agreement is at an end.

*Frank.* [*Aside.*] That'll never do. [*Aloud.*] Lord, how could I be so silly? Here it is.

[*Producing an old, dirty, tattered letter.*]

*Capt.* Why, you seem to have been out of place a long time.

*Frank.* Yes, sir, my character is a little the worse for wear.

*Capt.* Have done with fooling. The paper I find is correct, as I happen to be acquainted with the handwriting; therefore listen to me.

*Frank.* Give me my character again, sir, if you please.

*Capt.* Antony, you are a good-hearted fellow, and I must acknowledge, very willing to do all in your power to serve me: but, then, your constant failures are always bringing me into scrapes: now, as I do not wish to part with you unfairly, and as you are both aware of the object that I have in view, let it be a trial of skill between you.

*Frank.* Skill! the place is mine, then, to a certainty.

*Capt.* To begin: Antony, take these two letters,—this to my colonel, and this to captain Cameron; they are

both on particular business. Be speedy, and see you make no mistake, or it may involve me in a serious affair. You, Frank, come with me, and I'll give you further instructions. [*To ANTONY.*] Remember what I have said, or I shall certainly discharge you, the moment you return. [*Exit into Hotel, R.*]

*Frank.* You hear, sirrah, what your master says—he shall certainly discharge you, the moment you return. I'll speak a good word for you, when we are closeted together. So, remember. [*Exit into Hotel, R.*]

*Ant.* You're a good one to help a lame dog over a stile. But you'll get a dog's knock one of these days, my fine fellow. [*Exit, L.*]

*Enter SOPHIA, OLD PERKINS, and DOROTHY STYLES, from House, L.*

*Perk.* For the life of me, Sophia, I can't make out why you have taken such a furious inclination for walking in the Park lately.

*Soph.* For the good of my health, guardy.—[*Looking round and sighing.*—]He is not here!

*Perk.* Health!—nonsense! Is it for the good of your health to get wet through to the skin, as you did yesterday, and lay me up with the rheumatics? No matter what weather, hot, cold, wet, or dry—that infernal Constitution-hill will be the death of me—up and down, backwards and forwards, till I'm fairly worn to a skeleton.

*Dor.* What pleasure can you find in being buffeted about by the wind, and covered with dust?

*Soph.* Do you reckon the pleasure of being noticed by the young fellows as nothing, Dorothy?

*Dor.* Good heavens! what will this world come to? Such coquetry in children is quite abominable!

*Soph.* Why, how would you have me pass my time?

*Dor.* How? Can't you read—knit—sew?

*Soph.* My good Dorothy, these may be very suitable occupations for you, and I certainly do agree, that at your age—

*Dor.* My age!

*Soph.* Yes; you're like a tale of the last century, to be consulted only when one wants to amuse an idle hour.

*Perk.* Come, come, have done. Sophia, you are never easy but when you are at loggerheads with the old woman.

leave me free to dispose of  
heart where it shall please me best.

*Perk.* No, no; any thing but that. C  
dearest—

*Dor.* How, chit? At your tender age, wo  
looking out for a husband?

*Soph.* Why not? I have an example in  
should lose no time.

*Dor.* No personalities, if you please, I  
Perkins, miss Fielding seems to be in a qu  
humour this evening, so you may walk with  
self. [Exit into

*Perk.* There, you see, you always send the  
man in again with a huff, when she wants to  
air with us.

*Soph.* Why does she trouble herself about m

*CAPTAIN and FRANK appear at Hotel door. C  
points the groupe out to him, and seems to g  
rections; they then retire again into the Hote*

Well, well; are we to go, or are we to stay? Jus  
you were expiring to get into the fresh air, and h  
ire, loitering our time in the street.

*Soph.* [Aside.] I can't  
to in

*Soph.* [*Aside.*] I must be on my guard against some new scheme of Welford's.

*Frank.* Mr. Perkins, according to reputation, a worthy gentleman.

*Perk.* There's no doubt of that.

*Frank.* Celebrated in every company for his honesty, liberality, and gentlemanly behaviour.

*Perk.* Upon my word, this is a very good young man.

*Soph.* Well, I can't understand a word of it.

*Frank.* And I would advise you not to trust him, sir. [*Comes out, and looks at his watch.*]

*Perk.* [*To FRANK.*] My friend!

*Frank.* Sir, to you.

*Perk.* I thought just now, that I heard the name of Mr. Perkins.

*Frank.* Yes, sir, and I believe him to be a very worthy gentleman. [*Makes signs to SOPHIA.*]

*Soph.* [*Aside.*] What does the fellow mean?

*Perk.* Well, he is before you. I am Mr. Perkins.

*Frank.* Is it possible? [*Making signs to SOPHIA.*]

*Soph.* [*Aside.*] He is making signs to me.

*Frank.* Ah, sir, that eye of yours informs you are up to every thing. I'm sure of it. I have the madness to attempt deception on you. My friend, captain Welford, is in love with your ward.

[*Making signs to SOPHIA.*]

*Perk.* In love with my ward, say you? Speak a little lower.

*Frank.* Yes, sir. [*Aside.*] She won't understand. [*Aloud.*] He charged me to deliver a letter to you. [*Drawing one from his pocket, and showing it to SOPHIA.*] But my principles, my honour, forbid such rascality.

*Perk.* But what is that I see in your hand?

*Frank.* In my hand, sir. Oh no, sir. [*Showing the letter to PERKINS.*] That's a cut, sir.

*Perk.* No, no; I mean the other hand. [*Showing the letter to PERKINS.*]

*Frank.* Oh, that's what I was going to say. It's the letter I was talking to you about. With that piercing eye you have! Yes, sir, I kept it close. I might deliver it into your own respected hands. *Perk.* sir, read it. 'Twill unravel a deep-laid plot.

[*Winking to SOPHIA.*]

*Perk.* No doubt of it.

Ha! ha! ha! do you call this a love-letter?  
very much to the purpose. Ha! ha! ha!

*Frank.* So it seems, sir. Ha! ha! ha! very  
to the purpose. [*They both laugh: he takes the*  
*from PERKINS, and gives it to SOPHIA.*] Here  
you may safely read it. There's no danger  
letters as these. Do you think there is, sir?

*Perk.* No, no; but let me finish it, though, be-  
as it.

*Frank.* Pooh! what is there to be afraid of?  
miss, read: you'll like the style,—won't she, si  
[*Winking at P*]

*Perk.* [*Doubtingly.*] Ha! ha!

*Soph.* [*Reads.*] um—um—'from your gu-  
protection, and then abandon you.'

*Perk. and Frank.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Frank.* Go on, miss.

*Soph.* [*Reads.*] 'This is the character old  
has given you of me; [*Reads quicker*] but,  
ie, 'tis false.'

*Perk.* Hollo! give me the letter!

*Soph.* 'Since the day, when I first had the ha-  
of meeting you in the Park.'—

*Frank.* [*Hinders him from taking the letter*]

*Frank.* You surely can't be so cruel!

*Dor.* I'll expose you as an infamous traitor, who attempted to impose upon my innocence and experience.

*Frank.* [*Taking her hand.*] Permit me only to—

*Dor.* [*Screams.*] Ah! begone instantly, or—

*Frank.* I tell you, you are deceived. Miss F. is the magnet of attraction—it is yourself! Mirror of affection, *you* are the lady in question!

*Dor.* [*Confused.*] I!

*Frank.* Yes! it is you whom he loves, whom adores; and it is at your feet he wishes to throw himself! Now the murder's out, and if you *will* tell Perkins, I can't hinder you.

*Dor.* Oh! that's a different matter. Why did you tell me this sooner?

*Frank.* And he means to carry you off.

*Dor.* Delightful! Horrible, I mean. But tell me is the young man amiable, sober, moral, and of an interesting figure?

*Frank.* He is every thing your heart can wish; it belongs not to me to say more. Judge for yourself it is—myself!

*Dor.* *You!* a miserable, half-starved footman! I to aspire to my hand!—[*Passionately.*] Did everybody hear of such effrontery?

*Frank.* [*Aside.*] Here's a pretty turn up! But, dear lady, will you hear me?

*Dor.* No!—An out-of-elbowed varlet, without penny in his pocket, to make love to me, the friend and confidante of Mr. Perkins?—the governor of—

*Frank.* [*Bawls.*] Will you hear? I am not making love to you.

*Dor.* Who is, then?

*Frank.* I was merely saying, I am the person who will present you to him! He is a captain, and would form an alliance for a nobleman's daughter.

*Dor.* A captain! and where has he seen me?

*Frank.* In the Park, as I said before.

*Dor.* [*Rising.*] Surely you can't mean Captain Welford?

*Frank.* The same.

*Dor.* [*Smirking.*] Dear me! I have noticed! He is a very good-looking young man. And he has paid his addresses to me! How have I been mistaken?

will be greater when she is subdued, or brought over to our interests. A little well-timed flattery—

*Capt.* I trust to you implicitly; and here, take this as an encouragement.

*Frank.* Oh fie, sir! would you bribe me? But they are coming out! Away, sir. I'll return your purse some other time—[*Aside*]—when it is empty.

[*CAPTAIN hurries off, R. U. E., and FRANK conceals himself.*]

*Enter PERKINS and DOROTHY STYLES from the House, L.*

*Per.* Now, mind, Dorothy; lock the gate after me, and see you keep a watchful eye over Sophia till I return, which won't be long. Marry him, in spite of me, will she! I'm not to be duped so easily.

*Dor.* Never doubt my vigilance, sir: I know my duty too well to be enticed away from it by the fair promises of all the lovers in Christendom.

[*Exit into House, L.*]

[*PERKINS goes off, R.—FRANK runs over to House, L., and rings the bell.*]

*Dor.* [Within, in an angry tone.] Who's there?

*Frank.* Is Mr. Perkins at home?

*Dor.* [Surly.] No: he's out.

*Frank.* Is there a sweet-tempered lady within, called miss Dorothy Styles, and can I have the honour of speaking to her?

*Dor.* [Opening the door.] That's I—I am Dorothy Styles! What's your business with me, friend?

*Frank.* I—that is—you—[Languishingly.] Ah, miss Dorothy Styles! dare I address you in favour of a young man who lost his heart one day in the Park when he met you in company with miss Fielding?

*Dor.* [Aside.] 'Tis as I expected. 'This is an emissary of the Captain's! He is sent to cajole me.—[Aloud.] And is it to me you dare make this avowal?

*Frank.* In Heaven's name don't squall so loud!

*Dor.* Not squall! when you are trying to corrupt—seduce me?

*Frank.* I seduce you! O fie!

*Dor.* To make me a party in such scandalous behaviour!

*Frank.* Will you listen to me?

*Dor.* No: I've listened too long already. Mr. Perkins shall know all.

*Frank.* You surely can't be so cruel!

*Dor.* I'll expose you as an infamous traitor, attempted to impose upon my innocence and experience.

*Frank.* [*Taking her hand.*] Permit me only to

*Dor.* [*Screams.*] Ah! begone instantly, or—

*Frank.* I tell you, you are deceived. Miss F. the magnet of attraction—it is yourself! Mirror of perfection, you are the lady in question!

*Dor.* [*Confused.*] I!

*Frank.* Yes! it is you whom he loves, who adores; and it is at your feet he wishes to throw self! Now the murder's out, and if you will tell Perkins, I can't hinder you.

*Dor.* Oh! that's a different matter. Why you tell me this sooner?

*Frank.* And he means to carry you off.

*Dor.* Delightful! Horrible, I mean. But tell is the young man amiable, sober, moral, and of interesting figure?

*Frank.* He is every thing your heart can wish it belongs not to me to say more. Judge for yourself—it is—myself!

*Dor.* You! a miserable, half-starved footman! to aspire to my hand!—[*Passionately.*] Did everybody hear of such effrontery?

*Frank.* [*Aside.*] Here's a pretty turn up! But dear lady, will you hear me?

*Dor.* No!—An out-of-elbowed varlet, with penny in his pocket, to make love to me, the friend and confidante of Mr. Perkins?—the governor of—

*Frank.* [*Bawls.*] Will you hear? I am not making love to you.

*Dor.* Who is, then?

*Frank.* I was merely saying, I am the person who will present you to him! He is a captain, and we are forming an alliance for a nobleman's daughter.

*Dor.* A captain! and where has he seen me?

*Frank.* In the Park, as I said before.

*Dor.* [*Rising.*] Surely you can't mean Captain Welford?

*Frank.* The same.

*Dor.* [*Smirking.*] Dear me! I have noticed He is a very good-looking young man. And he has paid his addresses to me! How have I been mis-

I always thought it was Sophia he was admiring. This is very singular! for, would you believe it, this is the first gentleman who has declared his love for me these fifteen years.

*Frank.* [*Aside.*] I don't doubt it—and twenty more at the back of them.

*Dor.* Well, young man, and what does he say?

*Frank.* Requests the happiness of speaking to you for a few moments—his life depends on it.

*Dor.* Exquisite sensibility! And where is he?

*Frank.* Close by. I'll bring him here, if you will permit me.

*Dor.* [*Affectedly.*] How I tremble! But you will not leave us alone?

*Frank.* Not if you request to the contrary. Shall I introduce him?

*Dor.* Not till night. At eight o'clock, this evening, I will be ready to receive him in the garden; but will you come in and have a little refreshment?

*Frank.* Why, I don't care if I do.—[*Aside.*]—I shall be able to reconnoitre. Huzza! the garrison capitulates. We shall soon take possession.

[*Exeunt, with much ceremony into house, L.*]

*Enter ANTONY, L.*

*Ant.* To a certainty, I must have been born under an unlucky planet, for nothing succeeds that I undertake. I have been thumped and bumped about, in the Captain's service, till my shoulders are as mottled as those of a magpie; and now, after all, he has got hold of a fellow who threatens soon to turn the house inside out. [*The door opens of PERKINS'S house, L.*] Why, there's the rascal coming out of Old Perkins's house! Well, where he can find his impudence I haven't the smallest idea.

[*FRANK enters from house, L.*]

*Frank.* What are you doing there, Tony?

*Ant.* What's that to you?

*Frank.* You might find something better to do, I should think, than watching me, when your master requires your presence elsewhere.

*Ant.* You'll swear! Yes, I don't doubt you'll swear any thing to get yourself into my place.

*Frank.* I know how to make myself useful as well as ornamental, and to combine enterprise, zeal, and activity with discretion. Besides, my figure and appearance are so superior to yours!

*Ant.* Figure! Come, damn it, that's a good one! You don't mean to say that you are more sightly than I am?

*Frank.* You! Ha! ha! ha! My dear Tony, don't be conceited. You are very well for an errand-boy.

*Ant.* An errand-boy!

*Frank.* And scarcely that; for you're always making mistakes. There's no good can come of any thing you've a hand in.

*Ant.* That's 'cause I'm bothered so: there's always some fool or other bawling out.

*CAPTAIN WELFORD enters from the back.*

*Capt.* Frank!

*Ant.* There, there's the Captain calling you. You'll catch it for being out of the way.

*Capt. (c.)* Is that Antony? You lazy knave! where have you been loitering all the morning?

*Ant. [Aside.]* There he goes! I shall bear all the blame, though he is more in fault than me.—*[Aloud.]*—Sir, I've been about your business.

*Capt.* Well, and what did the colonel say to my note?

*Ant.* Must I tell you, sir?

*Capt.* Of course.

*Ant.* The truth?

*Capt. [Impatient.]* Yes, yes: if you tell me a lie, I'll cut your throat.

*Ant.* Well, don't be in a passion, for your colonel showed enough of that. He says, that since you can't find any thing better to do than provoke your brother officers to duels, he shall put you on guard for fifteen days.

*Capt.* You've been making some blunder again. Who told him of the duel?

*Ant.* Your letter.

*Capt.* It was an invitation to a ball this evening.

*Ant.* You mistake, sir. It was an answer to a challenge to meet captain Cameron at Chalk-Farm, with pistols.

*Capt.* What?

*Ant.* It's true, sir: he read it aloud, and I didn't lose a word.

*Capt.* Had you the impudence to listen, then?

*Ant.* I beg your pardon, sir; but it was your own

*Capt.* Was there ever such a confounder?—I blush for you  
Well, and the other letter?—I suppose you delivered it.

*Ant.* Oh, there's no blunder in that, sir.  
into the gentleman's own hand, myself, and  
very much astonished to find that you had it  
to a ball.

*Capt.* I believe so. He expected an answer  
challenge which he sent me, thinking I was his  
the young widow Canter. Well, and what did

*Ant.* Say, sir! must I tell you what he said  
*Capt.* If you don't answer me as you ought  
scoundrel! I'll murder you.

*Ant.* Hold, sir—pray—he said—  
*Capt.* Well, what did he say?

*Ant.* He said you was a coward.  
*Capt.* Coward! Confusion!—but I'll send  
instantly. You infernal rascal! this is all your

*Frank.* I wish I had been in the way, sir; this  
not have happened then.

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] Oh, bother!

*Frank.* But I have been employed in your service  
otherwise, and have been successful beyond measure  
and miss Fielding will write to you.

*Capt.* Thank you.

*Capt.* This is but a trifle to what I intend to do for you.

*Ant.* Curse him! I wish I could do for him.

*Capt.* We must now set about repairing the mistake of that stupid rascal, Antony.—Go to captain Cameron's hotel, and tell him of the blunder. Say that I shall meet him at the time appointed. I will away to the colonel, and apologise for this booby's stupidity.—*[Pushes ANTONY aside.]*—Get out of the way, you confounded fool!

*[Exit, &c.]*

*Frank.* *[Clinking the two guineas, so that ANTONY may observe them.]* When will you merit such a recompense?

*Ant.* It's money easily earnt.

*Frank.* Well, good bye. *[Crosses to L.]* I have business of importance to transact. *[Consequently.]*

*Ant.* *[Aside.]* I should like to get a share of those two guineas. *[Aloud to FRANK, who is going away.]* I say, Frank. Harkye!—

*Frank.* *[Carelessly.]* Well, what do you want?

*Ant.* Don't you feel any thing here? *[His heart.]*—no remorse—no weight upon your conscience?

*Frank.* No weight at all, except in my pocket.

*Ant.* No compunction?

*Frank.* Compunction! and why, pray?

*Ant.* Don't you think it would be but just, as I bear all the abuse, that I should, at least, go halves in the profits?

*Frank.* Oh, you want one of my guineas!

*Ant.* You've guessed it.

*Frank.* Why, you certainly have had more than double your share of kicks; and—*[puts his hand in his pocket, ANTONY holds his hand out to receive the money.]*—

*Ant.* You're a downright honest fellow, Mr. Francis; and this action has gained my esteem for ever.

*Frank.* I'm obliged to you.

*Ant.* No, no: I'm obliged to you, and I shall not forget your generosity, be assured.

*Frank.* Well, then—*[Takes the two guineas out of his right hand pocket; but, instead of giving them to him, he puts them in his left hand, and then into his left hand pocket. ANTONY is confounded.]*—you shall keep my share of the kicks, and I'll keep your share of the money: so we're equal.—*[Touches ANTONY's forehead.]*—Soft! soft!

*[Exit, &c.]*

*Ant.* [*Solus.*] Soft, eh?—Well, we'll see that. Let me consider. What shall I do? I'll take a lesson out of his book—make myself useful, and get into favour again. Isn't it diabolical that he should get paid so well, for doing nothing more than his duty, while I get nothing but bumps for my pains?—[*Reflects.*]—I have it! the thought is excellent. I'll see miss Sophia, obtain the letter she promised to send the Captain by Frank, and for once cheat him out of his perquisites. What will he take me to be then? not *soft*, I'm sure! So I'll go and—surely that is the lady at the window. Now, fortune, assist me.—[*SOPHIA appears at the window.*]—Hem! hem!

*Soph.* Ah, is it you, Antony? Is your master returned yet?

*Ant.* Yes, ma'am, and is just gone out again, to apologise to his colonel.

*Soph.* Apologise! What for?

*Ant.* I don't know whether I should tell you, madam.

*Soph.* And why not?

*Ant.* Because there's a lady in question.

*Soph.* A lady! Antony, tell me all about it: I insist upon knowing.

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] Hold hard, Antony; don't make a fool of yourself this time. Well, then, ma'am, it's about a duel he is going to fight for a widow lady—

*Soph.* A widow lady!

*Ant.* Yes, ma'am, of the name of Canter.

*Soph.* Canter! Is she handsome?

*Ant.* Very.

*Soph.* Rich?

*Ant.* Uncommonly—that's all I know about it: but, I had almost forgot—you promised to send a letter to my master, in the course of half an hour, and, if you will permit me to be the bearer of it—

*Sophia.* [*Aside.*] The monster!—This is a lucky opportunity to tell him my mind.—[*Aloud.*]—Wait a few moments, Antony, and I will drop it down to you.

*Ant.* I say, miss—

*Soph.* Well?

*Ant.* Put plenty of hearts and darts, and loves and doves, and so forth, into it.

*Soph.* Oh, nonsense!

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] I'm in great hopes I've done it at last—[*Walks about, rubbing his hands.*]—Now I must tell

him I have had a devilish hard job, in the first place get into the house, then, to bribe the governess, and—  
*[A Livery Servant enters, L., and taps him on the shoulder.]*

*Serv.* I say, my lad.

*Ant.* My lad! You're very familiar.

*Serv.* Is your master at home?

*Ant.* No.

*Serv.* I'm sorry for it.

*Ant.* What do you want with him?

*Serv.* I have a letter for him from Mrs. Canter, who desired me to give it into his own hands.

*Ant.* *[Takes it.]* Very well. I'll give it him.

*Serv.* May I depend upon you?

*Ant.* To be sure:—a'n't I his servant?

*Serv.* And the answer?—

*Ant.* Oh, I will take that.

*Serv.* Good day.

*Ant.* Pleasant journey.—*[Exit SERVANT, L.]*—ho! I begin to smell a rat: the captain's a killer, I find among the women—two strings to his bow. Business increases. That's one—I wonder how long I must wait for the other.

*Soph.* *[At the window.]* Antony, here is the letter. You will not fail to give it your master when you see him?

*Ant.* Certainly not: I should be a fool if I did.

*DOROTHY appears at the window.*

*Dor.* Heyday! here's pretty goings on!—Mr. Fielding, I wonder you don't sink with confusion being found in such a situation. Go away from the window, I insist. *[Shuts down the window.]*

*Ant.* Egad! I just got the letter in time. Well, in luck's way at last. Two letters in one day! I hope that'll do! If my master pays me as well as he pays Frank, I shall be too rich, and sha'n't know what to do with my money! Ah, these darling letters! We would believe, that such little slips of paper would give such pleasure, and be paid so dear for? Well, now I hope I shall get into favour again.—I'll in, and wait for the Captain. *[Turns round, and runs against his master, R. FRANK also enters, L.]*

*Frank.* Here's that blundering rascal again.

*Ant.* Blundering rascal! Don't be too sure of th

Frank, and for once cheat him out of his pen.  
What will he take me to be then? not *soft*, I  
So I'll go and—surely that is the lady at  
dow. Now, fortune, assist me.—[*SOPHIA ap-  
pears at the window.*—Hem! hem!

*Soph.* Ah, is it you, Antony? Is your m  
turned yet?

*Ant.* Yes, ma'am, and is just gone out again  
to apologise to his colonel.

*Soph.* Apologise! What for?

*Ant.* I don't know whether I should tell you,

*Soph.* And why not?

*Ant.* Because there's a lady in question.

*Soph.* A lady! Antony, tell me all about i  
without assist upon knowing.

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] Hold hard, Antony; don't ma  
of yourself this time. Well, then, ma'am, it's  
duel he is going to fight for a widow lady—

*Soph.* A widow lady!

*Ant.* Yes, ma'am, of the name of Canter.

*Soph.* Canter! Is she handsome?

*Ant.* Very.

*Soph.* Rich?

*Ant.* Uncommonly—that's all I know about

**Capt.** No doubt it's owing to some infernal blunder of this rascal, that has occasioned the error of my friend Cameron, who believes me to be his rival.

**Ant.** [*Aside.*] Now for it again! [*Aloud.*] Sir!

**Frank.** How! dare you speak to your master again?

**Capt.** Get out of my sight!

**Ant.** Listen to me, sir. I see very plainly that I have done wrong. But you will pardon me, if I present to you another letter—so tender—so moving!—there—you'll know the signature. 'Tis from Miss Sophia:—you expected it.

**Capt.** A letter from Sophia!

**Ant.** Yes, sir.

**Capt.** Why the deuce didn't you give it sooner?

**Ant.** I kept this for a settler! Here it is! Shall I be paid for this like the other?

**Capt.** No—no—reckon upon my gratitude. [*Opens the letter, and sees the signature.*] 'Sophia Fielding!' 'tis from her! Oh, happiness!

**Frank.** [*Aside.*] How the devil did he get it in so short a time?

**Ant.** [*Aside.*] I shall lose nothing in the long run: he will pay me two for one.

**Capt.** [*Reads.*] 'Perfidious man.'

**Ant.** Why, he don't seem pleased with *this*.

**Capt.** [*Reads.*] 'I find that I was mistaken, in believing your sincerity—'

**Frank.** [*Aside.*] A pleasant love-letter!—

[*The CAPTAIN looks at ANTONY.*]

**Ant.** [*Aside.*] Oh, it's all right: read on. [*Crosses.*]

**Capt.** [*Reads.*] 'You swore to love me, and at the same time were paying court to another; but the widow Canter is handsome and rich: this you cannot deny, as I had it from your own servant Antony.'

**Frank.** [*Crosses behind to R.*] Confidential servant!

**Capt.** [*Reads.*] 'Adieu, most vile of men! never let me see you again. Sophia Fielding.' Now, you damned rascal, [*ANTONY goes on his knees; the CAPTAIN collars him*] was it not enough, that you should make a fool of yourself, but you must ruin me in the esteem of my Sophia?

**Ant.** Well, it was done with the best intentions.

**Capt.** But your death shall give me satisfaction. [*Drums his sword.*]

**Frank.** Put him out of his misery, sir.

*Ant.* Oh Lord! Indeed, I am not worth the trouble of killing, sir.

*Capt.* He is right. I will not soil my sword to chastise such a driveller.—[*To ANTONY.*—Go, get your things together, and never let me see your ugly face again. [*Exit into the Hotel, R.*

*Ant.* Oh Lord! oh Lord!—I wish some one would be good enough to throw me into the canal.

*Frank.* Did you hear your master speak, sirrah?—you're never to let him see your ugly face again.

*Ant.* Ah, rascal! you are rejoiced in my downfall; but Heaven will punish you. However, I'll go and ask the Captain to let me have one more trial. [*Crosses.*

*Frank.* 'Tis useless moving for a new trial, sirrah. There is no upper court to appeal to, here: therefore, the sentence must be put in execution; you must be turned off. [*Lays hold of his collar, and spins him round, then goes into Hotel.*]

END OF ACT I.

---

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The same as in Act I.*

*Enter FRANK and MR. PERKINS, R. U. E.*

*Frank.* You have seen him, then, sir?

*Per.* As plain as I see you; and I remembered him directly. I have noticed him in the Park several times. Ha! ha! ha! You can have no idea how foolish he looked when he saw me alone.

*Frank.* No doubt.

*Per.* But, would you believe it? he had the effrontery to smile in my face, and lift his hat to me.

*Frank.* Lift his hat to you, Mr. Perkins?

*Per.* But I cut him, and walked away.

*Frank.* I'll wager he followed you.

*Per.* I went on a short distance—sat down, and tak-

*Frank.* You surely can't be so cruel!

*Dor.* I'll expose you as an infamous trait attempted to impose upon my innocence perience.

*Frank.* [*Taking her hand.*] Permit me o

*Dor.* [*Screams.*] Ah! begone instantly, o

*Frank.* I tell you, you are deceived. Mi the magnet of attraction—it is yourself! Mi section, *you* are the lady in question!

*Dor.* [*Confused.*] I!

*Frank.* Yes! it is you whom he loves, adores; and it is at your feet he wishes to self! Now the murder's out, and if you m Perkins, I can't hinder you.

*Dor.* Oh! that's a different matter. V you tell me this sooner?

*Frank.* And he means to carry you off.

*Dor.* Delightful! Horrible, I mean. B is the young man amiable, sober, moral, an teresting figure?

*Frank.* He is every thing your heart can it belongs not to me to say more. Judge for it is—myself!

*Dor.* *You!* a miserable, half-starved foot to aspire to my hand!—[*Passionately.*] Di body hear of such effrontery?

*Frank.* [*Aside.*] Here's a pretty turn up dear lady, will you hear me?

*Dor.* No!—An out-of-elbowed varlet, penny in his pocket, to make love to m friend and confidante of Mr. Perkins?—th of——

*Frank.* [*Bawls.*] Will you hear? *I* am love to you.

*Dor.* Who is, then?

*Frank.* I was merely saying, I am the will present you to him! He is a captain, an an alliance for a nobleman's daughter.

*Dor.* A captain! and where has he seen m

*Frank.* In the Park, as I said before.

*Dor.* [*Rising.*] Surely you can't me Welford?

*Frank.* The same.

*Dor.* [*Smirking.*] Dear me! I have v He is a very good-looking young man. I pay his addresses to me! How have I b

*Frank.* 'Twill soon arrive.—Where does the solicitor live?

*Per.* In the next street.

*Frank.* Excellent! He must assist us in a project I have in mind—you must bring him here!

*Per.* Why can't you come with me?

*Frank.* No, no; I must keep watch on the old woman's movements.

*Per.* I believe you are right. Well, I'll not be long.

[*Exit, R. U. E.*]

*Enter CAPTAIN, R.*

*Capt.* Well, Frank, I followed your directions. I have seen old Perkins.

*Frank.* I know all about it, sir.

*Capt.* I have also had an interview with Sophia, and explained all: she has forgiven me, and we are better friends than ever—but what news have you brought?

*Frank.* Every thing is as I could wish. Mrs. Canter detests you.

*Capt.* How the deuce did you effect this wonderful change? [ANTONY comes from the Hotel.

*Ant.* O, ho! Frank is with him. I'll make bold to listen.

*Frank.* First, I told her that you wished to marry her; but it was only to repair some heavy losses at the gaming-table.

*Capt.* Well, and then—

*Frank.* I swore that you was whimsical, fantastical, difficult to please, and extremely jealous. When you gave way to passion, you spared neither friend nor foe; and that more than a dozen unhappy creatures had fallen victims to your blind fury.

*Capt.* Better and better. Go on!

*Frank.* At last, having enumerated so many of your bad qualities, I mentioned one which I thought would settle the business. I told her you were so overburthened with debt, and pressed by your creditors, that you were constantly in fear; and that unless they were soon paid, you must go to prison.

*Capt.* Bravo!

*Frank.* Judge of my surprise, when she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes—'Poor young man! sincerely I pity him. Is he so much in debt? Willingly would I sacrifice my fortune to release him!'—'Ah! madam!' said I, 'I truly feel for the woman who, listening to his perfidious and seducing discourse, consents to unite

her destiny with his: the most dreadful misery will be her lot!'—'They have nothing to fear, who are united by the bonds of love,' replied she, hastily. 'I will strive to reclaim him, by rendering his home desirable.' Well, sir, seeing that she wouldn't give ground, I changed my mode of attack, and putting on a sorrowful air, I told her, (after having extorted a promise of strict secrecy from her), that at the same moment you were entering the path of matrimony with her, you had a dozen other women under your protection!

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] The women will settle his business, or the deuce is in it.

*Capt.* [*Bursts into a laugh.*] Ha! ha! ha! Well?

*Frank.* The blow of a thunderbolt is not more prompt. In a moment, her tears were dried up, and her eyes shot lightning—'The monster!' cried she; 'tis over. Frank, tell your master that I hate him! that I will never more speak to him!' 'But, permit me,' said I—'Go,' says she,—'to-morrow I shall be another's.' As she said this, she bounced out of the room; and I ran off immediately, to tell you the good news.

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] Good news!

*Capt.* Give me your hand, my dear Frank.

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] Why he's shaking hands with him!

*Frank.* Oh, sir, this is too much honour!

*Capt.* You love reward better. Is it not so?

*Frank.* I didn't say that, sir.

*Capt.* But you thought it. Well, never fear! you shall be well recompensed before the day is out.

*Frank.* Well, sir; you have no time to spare—'tis near the hour the old woman is to meet you. Do not forget your lesson. You must make love to her in such a manner, that the old man (who will be listening behind) must fancy she is conniving at the elopement of his ward. Speak of the carrying off, and be sure you paint the dowager's treachery in strong colours.

*Capt.* And in the mean time, here are five guineas for—

*Frank.* [*Taking them.*] For me; thankye, sir—

*Capt.* No, for Antony: they are his wages—see him paid immediately, and discharged, or we shall be pestered with more of his blunders. [*Exit into Hotel, &c.*]

*Frank.* He has been paid well enough as it is. I'll put them into the savings-bank. [*Exit into Hotel, &c.*]

ANTONY comes forward.

*Ant.* Is it possible now, that the captain should reward Frank for speaking ill of him to Miss Fielding? One would suppose he wished to break off the match! I'll be cursed if I don't think I've hit it at last—[*The window opens, L.*—but the window opens! 'tis she herself! Perhaps she wants to ask me about what Frank has been saying to her. I'll confirm it.

*Soph.* Antony, come here! You have been with Captain Welford some time, have you not?

*Ant.* About two years, madam.

*Soph.* I respect a good servant, and beg you'll accept this trifle as a mark of my esteem—[*Dropping a crown-piece.*] I was sorry to hear you were treated so roughly this morning upon my account.

*Ant.* I can't say I was much pleased with it myself. [*Aside.*] Now's the time for me to make up for my blunder. I can't go wrong if I repeat the same words. Ah, madam!

[*Night comes on.*]

*Soph.* Well?

*Ant.* Your generosity, your noble generosity, obliges me to confess that my master is not a man to be trusted.

*Soph.* Ha!

*Ant.* He has dissipated all his fortune at play, and wishes to marry you to repair his losses.

*Soph.* [*Aside.*] I don't wonder now at his great haste to elope! Well, my friend—

*Ant.* Nay, more, ma'am! he is whimsical, fantastical, difficult to please, and jealous as old Scratch! [*Aside.*] Those were Frank's very words.

*Soph.* Go on.

*Ant.* I dare not tell you any more, miss.

*Soph.* Oh, tell me all!

*Ant.* Well, then, miss, if you will have it: You are not the only lady he has deceived—he has at this present moment about twenty others on his books.

*Soph.* Horrible!

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] That's word for word: so there can be no blunder.

*Soph.* What a precipice have I escaped!

*Ant.* I believe you have, indeed. [*Aside.*] I've done it now, I think. [*Sees the CAPTAIN coming out from Hotel, R.*] Excuse me, ma'am, for a moment.

[*Retires.*]

*Capt.* Ha! Sophia, I have just come à-propos to tell you—

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] That he'll have nothing more to do with her, I suppose.

*Soph.* I can dispense with your company, sir. And I have to thank that young man for opening my eyes to your character. [*Shuts down the window.*]

*Ant.* Yes, sir, I've told the lady all.

*Capt.* What do you mean? Explain yourself!

*Ant.* [*Low to CAPTAIN.*] I'll tell you: To oblige you, and break off this marriage effectually, which seems to displease you so, I have repeated word for word to the young lady all that Frank told her a little time ago.

*Capt.* What—what did you tell her?

*Ant.* Why, that you were a gamester, in debt, and had twenty ladies under your protection. [*Chuckling.*] So, I think I've done your business in style for you this time.

*Capt.* [*Collars him.*] Dirt! rubbish! you shall no more escape me!

*Ant.* [*Breaking from, and dodging him.*] Oh, Lord! is this my reward?

FRANK enters from Hotel, R.

*Frank.* What's the matter, sir?

*Capt.* Oh, Frank, you see before you the most unhappy of men.

*Frank.* What has happened?

*Capt.* That rascal Antony overheard you telling me the story you had trumped up to the widow, and, to oblige me, repeated it all to Sophia this moment.

*Frank.* Why didn't you cut his throat?

*Ant.* [*At the back.*] Then it was not to miss Sophia! Oh, Lord! what have I done?

*Frank.* Of course, she was furious.

*Capt.* It was useless attempting to justify myself. She wouldn't hear me, and slammed down the window; but I'll carry her off yet, in spite of obstacles.

*Frank.* Take my advice, sir: Go in and write a letter to her explaining all; meanwhile, I'll seek the old man, and keep him in conversation while you are getting her away.

*Capt.* My fate is in your hands. [*Exit into Hotel.*]

[FRANK exit at back, R.]

ANTONY comes forward.

*Ant.* I am convinced this time that the Captain was right to be in a passion, and that, without intending it, usual, I have done wrong.

PERKINS *enters behind*, R. U. E.

*Per.* Who is that fellow lurking under my window? I'll let myself in the back way, and have an eye upon him.

[*Exit behind*, L. U. E.]

*Ant.* How shall I repair my error? I have it! My master swore he would carry her off this evening. I will endeavour to see her again—tell her what I said were all lies—that my master is in despair, and resolved, at all events, to marry her directly. So far, so good,—all fair and above-board. She can't refuse such an honourable proposition,—the lovers will settle matters in a short time, and be married. I shall be taken into favour again, and Frank kicked out. There, now! Curse me if a fellow that was soft could have planned it so well! Now for it. Miss Sophia! [*It is now very dark.*] Miss Sophia!

*Per.* [*Opens a window above.*] Who calls?

*Ant.* I, miss Sophia; don't you know me? 'tis Antony.

*Per.* [*Aside.*] Antony, the Captain's valet! What does he want, I wonder? [*Aloud, and imitating SOPHIA'S voice.*] Antony!

*Ant.* Is it you, miss Sophia?

*Per.* Yes.

*Ant.* I didn't remember your voice. Surely you have caught cold.

*Per.* What do you want with me?

*Ant.* To tell you that all I told you about the Captain was false—that he is in despair, and intends to carry you off directly,—so be prepared.

*Per.* I will!—Gunpowder treason and plot! [*Aside.*

*Ant.* Come, she is sooner pacified than I expected.

*Per.* [*Aside.*] The villain!

*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think how old Perkins will stare to-morrow when he finds you are gone.

*Per.* Ay! ay!

*Ant.* Would you have any objection for me to conduct you to my master?

*Per.* Certainly not. I'll come down to you.

[*Retires.*

*Ant.* Don't be long. All goes well, and I shall succeed, after all. Now for the Captain, to announce this good news. [*Rings a bell at the Hotel, &c. Waiter opens the door.*] Tell Captain Welford I wish to speak with

him. To a certainty he won't have to wait long, and it will be an agreeable surprise. Fate! fate! I defy thee now.

*Enter CAPTAIN from Hotel, R.*

*Capt.* Well, scoundrel! are you not afraid to present yourself before me again?

*Ant.* Sir, my sorrow at having served you so ill has brought me back to you. I was willing at any price to obtain your pardon, and regain your friendship. I have secured Miss Fielfding for you at last.

*Capt.* No jesting, sirrah!

*Ant.* 'Tis true, indeed, sir. She has consented to elope with you.

*Capt.* Impossible!

*Ant.* I assure you, sir, it's truth. [*The door opens, R.*] Listen now! I have contradicted every thing I said to her, and she is ready to hear your justification.

*Capt.* If this be true, my good Antony, I forgive you all.

*Ant.* Ah, you do, do you! I thought I wasn't born to be *always* unlucky. [*Preceding the CAPTAIN.*] Miss Sophia, I have brought you my master.

*Capt.* Charming Sophia!

*Ant.* Is the old one asleep?

*Per.* [*Coming out, and hitting him on the head with his cane.*] Not quite!

*Ant.* Oh, Lord! my head!

[*Exit CAPTAIN into Hotel, R.*]

*Per.* You rascal! I'll reward you for stealing my ward away in my absence. [*Beating him.*]

*Enter FRANK, R. U. E., and runs over to PERKINS.*

*Frank.* What's this? An attack on Mr. Perkins! Lend me your cane, sir. You rascal!

[*He beats ANTONY up the Stage, and the Scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*The Gardens of Mr. Perkins's House, a Greenhouse in centre.*

*Enter DOROTHY and SOPHIA, R.—[Dark.]*

*Doro.* I tell you, once more, I am worn out with fatigue, and must go into the house, or I shall faint.

*Soph.* Oh, don't be alarmed. 'Take one turn more'.

The fresh air will revive you. Wait here a moment; I will bring a garden-chair for you.

*Doro.* Oh no! Don't leave me, for Heaven's sake! I'm all of a tremble. [*Aside.*] If she sees him at the gate, I am ruined! Come, come, let's go in. It's very late, and it's dangerous for two unmarried females to be walking in a garden by themselves. We might be forcibly carried off, or a thousand other things might happen that we know nothing about.

*Soph.* Yes: or I might be carried off, and you left behind.

*Doro.* Oh, horrible!

*Soph.* Ah! didn't I catch a glimpse of a man getting over the wall?

*Doro.* A man! mercy forbid! I should expire with fright. Let us hasten into the house.

*Soph.* No: I'm determined, come what will, to see who it is, and if it is a man—

*Dor.* What then?

*Soph.* Why then I'll scream till I alarm the neighbourhood.

*Dor.* Are you mad? Would you ruin my reputation by such an exposure? People would say, he came to visit me clandestinely.

*Soph.* Never fear, Dorothy—I shall be the victim of their suspicions.

*Dor.* You! and why so, pray, miss?

*Soph.* Because you are too old for a young man to risk his neck for, by jumping over a wall ten feet high.

*Dor.* Upon my word, miss! You have a pretty way of complimenting!—Was there ever such assurance seen? So in, miss, or I'll punish you, by keeping you a close prisoner for this week. So in, I say.

[*Forces her off, L.*]

*Enter FRANK and PERKINS, R.*

*Frank.* Did you ever hear such a diabolical scheme in your life? But you may depend upon it the old woman, as I told you before, is at the bottom of it. So, only do as I tell you.—Place yourself in this greenhouse, and you will overhear the whole story. Hush!—she comes! In! In!

[*Exit, D. in F.*]

DOROTHY enters, L.

*Dor.* Well, thank heaven, I have succeeded in leav-

him. To a certainty she won't have to wait  
it will be an agreeable surprise. Fate!  
there now.

*Enter CAPTAIN from Hotel, R.*

*Capt.* Well, scoundrel! are you not afraid  
yourself before me again?

*Ant.* Sir, my sorrow at having served you  
brought me back to you. I was willing at  
obtain your pardon, and regain your friends!  
secured miss Fielding for you at last.

*Capt.* No jesting, sirrah!

*Ant.* 'Tis true, indeed, sir. She has e-  
lope with you.

*Capt.* Impossible!

*Ant.* I assure you, sir, it's truth. [*The doc*  
Listen now! I have contradicted every thi-  
her, and she is ready to hear your justificat-

*Capt.* If this be true, my good Antony, I  
all.

*Ant.* Ah, you do, do you! I thought I  
to be *always* unlucky. [*Preceding the CAPT*  
Sophia, I have brought you my master.

*Capt.* Charming Sophia!

*Ant.* Is the old one asleep?

*Per.* [*Coming out, and hitting him on the*  
*his cane.*] Not quite!

*Ant.* Oh, Lord! my head!

[*Exit CAPTAIN in*

*Per.* You rascal! I'll reward you for  
ward away in my absence. [*E*

*Enter FRANK, R. U. E., and runs over to*

*Frank.* What's this? An attack on M  
Lend me your cane, sir. You rascal!

[*He beats ANTONY up the Stage, and*  
*closes.*

SCENE II.—*The Gardens of Mr. Perkins*  
*Greenhouse in centre.*

*Enter DOROTHY and SOPHIA, R.—[I*

*Doro.* I tell you, once more, I am v  
fatigue, and must go into the house, or I

*Soph.* Oh, don't be alarmed. Take c

cibly carried off, or a thousand other things might happen that we know nothing about.

*Soph.* Yes: or *I* might be carried off, and left behind.

*Doro.* Oh, horrible!

*Soph.* Ah! didn't I catch a glimpse of a man over the wall?

*Doro.* A man! mercy forbid! I should expect fright. Let us hasten into the house.

*Soph.* No: I'm determined, come what will, who it is, and if it *is* a man—

*Dor.* What then?

*Soph.* Why then I'll scream till I alarm the neighbourhood.

*Dor.* Are you mad? Would you ruin my reputation by such an exposure? People would say, he visits *me* clandestinely.

*Soph.* Never fear, Dorothy—I shall be the victor over their suspicions.

*Dor.* You! and why so, pray, miss?

*Soph.* Because you are too old for a young man to risk his neck for, by jumping over a wall so high.

*Dor.* Upon my word, miss! You have—

er in her chamber. Dear me, how my little heart  
 ers! 'tis something so romantic to meet a lover in a  
 n by moonlight!—Who's that? [CAPTAIN PERKINS  
 R.] Gracious goodness! I have gone too far to  
 e.

ot. (R.) Ah, madam! the votaries of love are gene-  
 punctual to their appointments.

r. I am afraid my giddiness must appear very  
 ble.

ot. Oh say not so!—You have made me the hap-  
 of men—and the excess of my joy, my grati-

r. [*Aside.*] How ardent his looks are!—[*Aloud*]  
 g man, your sentiments are known to me; and if  
 intentions are pure—

ot. They are—they are—'twould be sacrilege to  
 my views towards the charming object that I

r. [*Aside.*] The charming object! What delicacy  
 pression!

ot. I am aware you have done much in granting  
 interview; but time presses:—to a love-stricken  
 like mine, each moment of delay seems an age.  
 , when will you consent to the elopement?

ink. Ah!—

r. Dear, dear, you are so pressing! Well, then,  
 ow quite dark—Mr. Perkins will soon be in bed,  
 about ten minutes—[*Simpering*—the object—of  
 affection—will throw herself into your arms:—  
 ity my confusion, and spare my maiden blushes—  
 t myself to your honour.

ot. Do not doubt me—The signal?

r. The signal! three claps of the hand. Fare-  
 ill next we meet!—Remember, in ten minutes I  
 be at the garden-gate.

[*Exit, L. CAPTAIN, R.—PERKINS and FRANK  
 come forward.*]

r. The abominable old wretch!—to deceive me  
 after all I have done for her!—but I'll make an  
 ple of her. I'll send for a constable, and—

ink. Now, sir, you have the evidence of your own  
 nd ears!

Don't speak of it; I'm choked with rage.

k. We must anticipate these designs.—Where is  
 yer and his Clerk?

Concealed close by the garden-gate. They are

*Frank.* Is the contract drawn up?—

*Per.* It is, and has been filled up some time, with the exception of Sophia's name, for which a blank is left.

*Frank.* You have already signed your name?—

*Per.* Yes, that no time may be lost: as I said before, it only wants her signature.

*Frank.* Well, then, now return to them, and tell them, when they see a female come from your house, muffled in a cloak, to conduct her immediately to the Lawyer's house, and persuade her to sign the contract. I will obtain an interview with her previously, and acquaint her, as if from my master, the Captain, that he has left it there for her signature. She will be in too great haste to read it, and therefore will not notice your name, and then you will have her entirely yours.

*Per.* My best friend, I shall never be able to repay your kindness.

*Frank.* Oh, sir. I am sufficiently paid in knowing I am doing a good action.

[*Exeunt, PERKINS, R. FRANK, L.*]

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I.—The Hotel and Mr. PERKINS's House.—The Window open, L.—Moonlight.*

*Enter ANTONY at back.*

*Ant.* Well, here I am again. I'm determined on one more trial yet, to make up for my offences; so now to call miss Sophia, and apologize.—But Mr. Perkins, I know, is not at home, for I saw him and Frank come out at the back gate a minute or two ago. I strongly suspect he is bought over to the old man's interest. But I'll expose him—both to the young lady and the Captain.—Hist!—Miss Sophia!—I dare not call loud, for fear of the dowager. The window is invitingly open, and—egad I'll mount, and explain the whole story. [*Climbs up, and looks in.*] There she is, in the next room—[*PERKINS coughs*]—Confound him! there he is! Well, any port in a storm! [*Gets into window.*]—[*Enter PERKINS, FRANK, Lawyer, and Clerk, R. U. E.*]—Now is a favourable opportunity, while they are under the window, to get her out by the back gate.

[*Retires from window.*]

*Per.* Well, gentlemen, you are about to do a good action, for which I will pay you well. But take care you don't alarm the lady:—no violence—stand close, and obey this young man in every respect.

*Frank.* [*Places them R.*] You remain you, Mr. Perkins, there, (L.) I shall danger requires my presence. Here's the Silence!

*Enter CAPTAIN WELFORD from Hotel, R on tiptoe to PERKINS'S house, with his arms clasps his hands three times, and conceals himself. FRANK comes forward with the Lawyer.*

*Frank.* Follow me; but step softly.—[*Towards PERKINS'S house.—The door opens. DOROTHY enters in a cloak.*—Fear nothing go with these gentlemen, and sign the contract they will present you.

*Dor.* I understand!

[*As she steps out at a signal from I lead her off, R. to the Lawyer's house and SOPHIA at the same time hurries the back from L. U. E. to Hotel, R. and FRANK come forward, laughing.*

*Per.* Ha! ha! ha! she suffered them her without saying a word. Ha! ha! ha!

*Frank.* We've done the trick, I think, sir ha!—[*They go up laughing, and CAPTAIN WELFORD slips into the house.*]

*Per.* But what's become of the lover all I haven't seen him since he gave the signal.

*Frank.* Oh!—seeing so much company, prudent to retire out of the way.

*LAWYER enters, R. U. E.*

*Lawyer.* I give you joy, sir—the business is concluded.

*Per.* She has consented to be mine, then [*FRANK goes*]

*Lawyer.* She has, sir; and here's her the contract.

*Per.* Now, then, my noble captain, I thank you! Did she object?

*Lawyer.* Not at all. Indeed, I see no cause for objection, as such an offer don't present itself every day.

*Per.* How do you mean?

*Clerk.* Why she's been on the old maid time. You are scarcely sixty, and she has been these six or seven years.

*Per.* Who are you talking of?

*Lawyer.* Who, why your wife!

*Per.* My wife?

*Lawyer.* Yes: Dorothy Styles.

*Per.* Dorothy, my wife! You're dreaming.

*Lawyer.* You'll not find it so. She has you here in black and white, and is now in my office.

*Per.* Ruined! cheated! and bamboozled!—*[Is going into his house. WELFORD enters from it.—He seizes him by the collar.]*—What do you do in my house, you rascal?

*Capt.* Rascal in your teeth! Where's Sophia? She's nowhere to be found.

*Per.* Eloped!—I'm robbed—I'm cheated on all sides.—*[Runs to FRANK, who enters with DOROTHY STYLES, R. U. E.]*—You infamous villain!

*Frank.* Permit me to introduce Mrs. Perkins!

*Omnes.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Per.* Confusion seize you all! It's *you*, then, that have betrayed me! But I won't have the old devil—thus I tear—

*[FRANK snatches the contract.—ANTONY and SOPHIA make signs to WELFORD, who goes to them, a.]*

*Frank.* Softly! Here it is, safe!—Signed and sealed!—So don't make any more bluster about it. But consent to the marriage of your ward with Captain Welford, or I deliver it into the hands of this good lady, who knows the value of money too well to lose sight of you.

*Dor.* Give it me, young man.

*Frank.* Take it cool, my good lady—that will depend on circumstances.—*[To PERKINS.]*—Will you renounce the hand of miss Fielding?

*Per.* I will.

*Frank.* Will you consent to her marriage with my master?

*Per.* I do, I do!—Any thing to rid myself of that old vinegar-cruet.

*Frank.* Then be good enough to sign this paper.—*[Gives him a paper—the Clerk furnishes an inkhorn—and he signs it on the crown of his hat.]*—Now, sir, you will be pleased to witness it.—*[The LAWYER signs.]*—And now, thus I give this gentle dove her liberty.—*[Tears the contract.—PERKINS crosses to a.]*—ANTONY, SOPHIA, and WELFORD come forward.)

*Dor.* Then, I sha'n't be married, after all?

*Soph.* That's a pity, after the trouble taken. Welford, can't you recommend her a

*Capt.* I am extremely concerned at her dilemma; but, perhaps, Frank here will take pity

*Frank.* Really, sir, you are very good. I but rather remain a bachelor till I can better myself. Perhaps Antony—

*Ant.* No, thankye!

*Omnes.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Frank.* Well, never mind, old lady; you are an first antiquated damsel who has been disappointed young husband.

*Omnes.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Dor.* You're a set of barbarians! Stand out of way!

[Crosses, and exit into the house]

*Frank.* Antony, the Captain has generously forgave your many blunders, and consented to take you into service again, as my assistant; and as you will now required now to serve as a messenger of Cupid, I hope you'll be more successful in your labours. So, give me your hand: for the future, I trust, we shall together in good fellowship.—[Steps forward.]—now only want 'your hands' to confirm our happiness and your approbation of THE RIVAL VALETS.

THE END.

12

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. DOLBY, CATHERINE-STREET, STAM

[REDACTED]







~~OUT HIGH 3 45~~

